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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

AT THE CLASSROOM DOOR.

Lord, at Thy word opens yon door, inviting
Teacher and taught to feast this hour with Thee;
Opens a Book where God in human writing
Thinks His deep thoughts, and dead tongues live for me.

Too dread the task, too great the duty calling,
Too heavy far the weight is laid on me!
O if mine own thought should on Thy words falling
Mar the great message, and men hear not Thee!

Give me Thy voice to speak, Thine ear to listen;
Give me Thy mind to grasp Thy mystery;
So shall my heart throb, and my glad eyes glisten,
Rapt with the wonders Thou dost show to me.

—*James Hope Moulton.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 67
Horace Traubel.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES..... 69

CONTRIBUTED—
National Authority: What Is It?—CHARLES F. DOLE 71
Restrictions Against Foreigners.—H. S. N..... 72
Peace Day.—LYDIA G. WENTWORTH..... 73
News from Europe.—H. S. N..... 75

SELECTED—
Horace Traubel..... 73

POETRY—
At the Classroom Door.—*James Hope Moulton*.. 65
The Bells of Peace.—*John Galsworthy*..... 67
Nocturne.—*Theodore Maynard* 71
Preciousness.—QUINCY L. DOWD..... 77
Peace.—HARRIET LAKE-BURCH..... 77

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Religions of the Elder World—XII Phœnicia 77

THE FIELD—
The New Liberal Leader in Canada..... 79

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EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON
JOHN MORRIS EVANS

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

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Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
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James H. West

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1919 NUMBER 5

THE BELLS OF PEACE.

Lilies are here, tall in the garden bed,
And on the moor are still the buds of May;
Roses are here—and, tolling for our dead,
The bells of Peace make summer holiday.

Listening? They, who in their springtime went?
The young, the brave dead, leaving all behind,
All of their home, love, laughter, and content,
The village sweetness and the Western wind.

Leaving the quiet trees and the cattle red,
The Southern soft mist over granite tor—
Whispered from life, by secret valor led
To face the horror that their souls abhor.

Here in the starlight to the owl's "To-whoo!"
They wandered once—they wander still, maybe,
Dreaming of home, clinging the long night through
To sound and sight fastened in memory.

Here in the sunlight and the bracken green—
Wild happy roses starring every lane—
Eager to reach the good that might have been,
They were at peace. Are they at peace again?

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve
Of our relief, Peace and Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming dead of all they died to win!

Atlantic Monthly. —*John Galsworthy.*

President Wilson seems to have worked himself into an extraordinry tangle of argument in his endeavor to defend the League of Nations from the attacks of its enemies, and commend it to the support of the American people. Two lines of assault are being directed against his Covenant; that of the conservative nationalist, who is opposed to any surrender or modification of national sovereignty, even for the sake of some kind of international organization to maintain the peace of the world, and that of the idealistic internationalist who sees in the League not only a failure but a betrayal of his hopes. In meeting the former attack, the President insists upon minimizing the importance and power of the Covenant. Is America outvoted in the Assembly? This amounts to nothing, for the League is powerless to act save by vote of the Council, and in this Council no action can be taken save by unanimous vote! Is not America obligated to take up arms against a disturber of the world's peace? Not at all—her obligation is moral, not legal; she can be taken into no war except by action of Congress! Must not America, bound by Article X, defend any and all governments which are threatened by aggression? Oh, no! the aggression referred to is "external aggression," the right of revolution, with all its inevitable consequences of international disturbance, is as inviolable as ever! On the other hand, however, in meeting the attacks of the radical idealists, the President is insistent upon the ability of the League to solve the problem of the ages—to end war, establish enduring peace, bring in at last the brotherhood of man. The contradiction between these two positions is, of course, obvious. On the one hand the League is nothing; on the other hand, it is everything. Mr. Wilson has successfully transformed himself into a perfect specimen of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. But this Mr. F-B-W never led a great crusade, or attained a lofty goal. The President's discussion of his pact has only confirmed us in our original impression of the League of Nations. We believe that it is powerless to accomplish the great ideal of a peaceful and ordered world, but beautifully adapted to achieve the selfish imperialistic aims of the diplomats and premiers who fashioned the Paris Covenant in their own interest.

What shall we say about the Senate in its attitude toward the Peace Treaty and the proposed League of Nations? Certainly, with many of the motives at play there, we can have not the slightest sympathy. When we see Republicans moved by partisan hatred of the President, Democrats supporting reservations and amendments because of concern for the cotton interests of the South, men of both parties persuaded to support or oppose the Treaty and Covenant by the most selfish and petty considerations of old-time nationalism, we can feel nothing, of course, but abhorrence and disgust. The majority of the Senators are displaying few evidences of that serene and lofty humanitarian statesmanship which is alone consistent with such an hour as this; no one Senator is representative of that radical, thorough-going international spirit which is the sole hope of the world today. But it would be grossly unfair, because of these facts, not to recognize the fine work that is being done. Senator Moses, for example, has presented a critical analysis of the Peace Treaty, which is a masterpiece, especially as revealing the iniquities and hypocrisies implicit in that document. Senator Norris has dragged the Shantung abomination into the light, and shown the transaction for what it is—a disgrace to President Wilson, America and the victorious Allies. Sen-

ator Knox has revealed an intellectual grasp and moral understanding of the entire settlement, Treaty and Covenant alike, which place him in the front rank of contemporary statesmen. And the entire Republican majority, whatever the motives of its members, has vindicated the position of Congress as a deliberative body, in a way to challenge the admiration and gratitude of American citizens. Let it also be recorded that the Senate is at this moment acting in frank defiance of Wall Street and the money power, which sees in the work of the Paris Conference the perfect triumph of financial imperialism, and seeks therefore its immediate ratification. On this issue, at least, the Senate is not in the control of Morgan et al. For all the unworthy motives involved, and whatever the final outcome, the Senate today is doing a much-needed piece of work; and is regaining something of that central and independent place in American government which it occupied in the great days of anti-slavery.

Those who have read the closing chapters of Upton Sinclair's "Jimmie Higgins," describing the horrors of military discipline and punishment as practiced in the United States army, are not likely soon to forget them. They burn themselves into the consciences like the most terrible pages of Zola. It is not to be wondered at that army officers, newspaper editors, National Security Leaguers, pratrioteers generally, denounced this book upon its appearance as seditious, and clamored vociferously for the arrest and imprisonment of its author. Nor could even those most friendly to such a presentation of militarism, and most certain upon basic psychological grounds of its accuracy, understand where Mr. Sinclair found the facts to justify such a picture. Whether by reason of knowledge or sheer inspirational insight, however, he told only the simple truth, for his novel had not been on the book-stalls six months, when there came the hideous revelations about "Hard-Boiled Smith" and the incredible cruelties perpetrated in American prison camps in France. What these cruelties were, need not be repeated in this place. Suffice it to say that it seems to be the consensus of opinion that nothing done by Germans to enemy prisoners equals what was done by American army officers to their own boys. What Jimmie Higgins suffered, was suffered by hundreds of American youths enlisted or conscripted to save the world from the hated "Hun." It would seem as though we owed something of an apology for some of the things that we have said about the Germans as monsters alien to the rest of the human race. It would seem also that it were high time for us to understand that militarism is militarism, whether it wear the German uniform, the English uniform or the American uniform. It is not the crimes of any one people who are different from other peoples, but the crimes of a system of barbarism common to all peoples, which confronts us. The torturing of our conscientious objectors, the brutalities of our court-martials, and now the horrors of our prison camps, make up a story which should silence all charges against our enemies. Dr. Joel H. Metcalf, who saw long service abroad as a Y. M. C. A. man, sums up the whole truth when he declares that lawlessness and cruelties are the natural result of "collective homicide"—i. e., war.

With commendable foresight the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor is distributing among 12,000 families under its care, circulars warning against a recurrence of the influenza epidemic. These circulars contain numerous rules of health and personal hygiene which are of great interest, especially when one recalls that they are commended to persons living in some of the worst slum sections of the great metropolis. *"Avoid crowds"* is the second rule on the list—easily observed, forsooth, by families living thousands to the single block, hundreds to the single house, scores to the single floor, four or five to the single room! Again, *"keep the home well ventilated and be sure there is plenty of fresh air day and night"*—an easy rule for those to whom air and light are luxuries as rare as tenderloin steaks or silk dresses! *"Avoid fatigue,"* is another injunction—attractive to those who labor early and late at exhausting tasks which never end! *"Eat three uniform meals a day"*—this at a time when the cost of living was never so high, and three meals a day never before so far beyond the reach of the majority of city dwellers! *"Keep warm and keep dry"* is as excellent as it is surely impossible for those who buy coal by the bucket, and wear clothing about as adequate for protection against winter weather as sheets of paper. As for the succinct command, *"bathe frequently,"* we commend this to anybody familiar with the ablutionary facilities of the average city tenement for fitting comment! An examination of these rules in their entirety convinces us that they could be observed with difficulty by those earning two or three thousand dollars a year—with ease only by those enjoying ten thousand dollars a year or more. When will our physicians, social workers, reformers learn that the poor are not able to practice even the elementary laws of physical and moral health? Shall we never understand that adequate income is the first and fundamental step toward the protection, emancipation and redemption of both the individual and society?

The Protestant Episcopal Church is to be congratulated upon the election to the bishopric of the great diocese of New York, of Dr. Charles Sumner Burch.

It is doubtful if this churchman is a man of the remarkable personal power of Bishop Potter, or possesses that peculiar type of serene but radical spirituality so characteristic of his great predecessor, Bishop Greer. But Dr. Burch, long Suffragan Bishop in the New York diocese, has qualities of his own which admirably fit him for the high ecclesiastical office to which he has been raised. It seems strange, at least to liberals, that there should be such personages as bishops in the Christian church. We have often wondered what Jesus would say or do if he met a bishop, or were asked to participate in a ceremony of enthronement. But if such offices must be, Dr. Burch comes as near to the true and worthy type, at least in this our modern age, as any churchman of whom we know. The bishop is predominantly a priest and not a prophet; his duties are administrative, not reformative. Bishop Burch is efficient, just, faithful, free of all medieval superstitions and intolerances. A church which can maintain such a man in its diocesan house, and such men as Percy Grant and Howard Melish in its pulpits, is perhaps not undeserving of public confidence.

It is announced that the North Carolina Federation of Labor is proposing to do something for ministers who suffer because they are more faithful to the word of God than to the word of Capitalism. We count this good news, even though we do not know what it is that the Federation intends to do. For it is only fair that labor should lend something of its organized power to the men who, necessarily alone, fight the battles of labor in unfriendly places. Furthermore, may not this event be interpreted as a kind of first appearance in America of that phenomenon which has come to be known in England as "the hand and brain movement"? If there is anything more important in the industrial situation than co-operation between all who *labor,* in the widest sense of that word, and support themselves by what they earn, we have yet to see it.

Horace Traubel

UNITY publishes this week excerpts from a tribute to Horace Traubel which appeared originally in the Chicago *Die Neue Zeit* on April 19th last, and was reprinted in the June issue of *The Conservator.* We do this in memory of "Horace," as he was affectionately called by his friends, who died, after long decline, on September 8th.

To those who had the joy of knowing and loving Horace Traubel personally, his passing is like the blotting out of a star in the darkened firmament. Not only did he shine; but he shone with his own particular light in his own particular place. Now that he is gone, there is no one to succed him. His spot in the galaxy is henceforth empty and dark. For Traubel, like his beloved teacher, Walt Whitman, was always and everywhere himself. He was as simple as a child, as spontaneous as a spring of water, as natural as the "leaves of grass." Conventionality was as foreign to his soul as love of ease or passion for wealth. To follow the fashion of opinion, was as impossible as to follow the fashion of clothes or ways of life. He was magnificently "true to type"; but, as becomes a man in distinction from an animal, it was his own particular individual "type" to which he adhered. Sincere, straightforward, uncompromising, of honesty all compounded, Traubel was all his days a living embodiment of Whitman's doctrine of the ego, and his writings a fresh version of the "Song of Myself."

It is well to emphasize this fact of Traubel's independency of character and achievement, for the reason that to most persons who knew him at all, he was accepted simply as a kind of pale reflection of Walt Whitman, "the good, gray poet" of Camden. This idea was perhaps inevitable, in the case at least of the undiscerning, since the youthful Horace was old Walt's closest friend in his last days and after his death his literary executor, and the mature Horace an adoring disciple of the master and a biographer of unexampled fidelity and zeal. Traubel's three-volume and now forever unfinished book, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," is the most astounding monument ever erected, all things considered, to the memory of a great man. Here is recorded, day by day, everything that Whitman said and did, important or unimportant, noble or ignoble, exalted or vulgar, throughout the years that Traubel knew him and saw him constantly and with the utmost intimacy. The bulk of the record is appalling, its mass of apparently undigested detail simply overwhelming. But its total result is a picture of such exactitude and verisimilitude as is preserved of no other man who has ever lived. Whitman will be known to posterity exactly as he was; legends and fables have been exorcised forever. If fidelity to truth is as exalted an ideal in literature as in science, then Horace Traubel has displaced Boswell as the greatest biographer of all time.

Work of this kind is perhaps enough for the fame of one man, especially when one considers the growing stature of Walt as a figure in the history of our American civilization. Our children and children's children will be as grateful for this day-by-day story of Whitman as we ourselves would be grateful today for a similar story of Abraham Lincoln. Nothing could be more unfair, or untrue, however, than to attempt to limit Traubel's achievement to this vast biographical labor. For Horace Traubel, unlike the immortal Boswell, is destined to be remembered not as the reflection merely of another's genius, but in his own right, also, as an original source of the divine.

Horace is something more and greater than the disciple and unique biographer of the Camden poet. He is himself a poet—he has his own well-earned place in the literature of America. Again and again his poems—"chants" or "collects," as he himself variously termed them—have been described as mere imitations, and weak ones at that, of Whitman's verse. Traubel has had to bear all the abuse originally heaped upon his master for crudity, vulgarity, unconventionality, and then some more very particular abuse of his own for seeking to imitate such "barbaric yawp." Whitman was at least original—Traubel was not even that! Such judgment, however, upon such work, is evidence only of pitiful superficiality and blindness. Traubel is no imitator. To ape the Whitman fashion was as impossible for him as to ape any other fashion. For all his idolatry of his old friend and teacher, a Whitman cult was to him an intolerable thing. Traubel, as we have stated, was always and everywhere himself. Not "With Walt Whitman in Camden," but "Chants Communal" and "Optimos," these are his great works, by which he will be gratefully remembered; and these are as original, in both style and content, as "Passage To India" or "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry." Traubel's voice was not "his master's voice," but his own. Triumphant throughout his writings is that authentic note which unfailingly accompanies original creative genius. Whether Horace would ever have found himself, had he not come under the dominating influence of Walt in his most impressionable years, is a fair question. But that, having been awakened, perhaps, by the older man, he henceforth walked his own road and spoke his own message, there is no question at all. This is as certain as it is that Cooper is a novelist in his own right as well as Scott, or Gray a poet as well as Pope.

If we ask the nature of Traubel's message, the *motif* of his chants, we can best find answer in that descriptive adjective which he himself applied in the title of his first book of poems—namely, "communal." Horace Traubel, like Walt Whitman, was fundamentally a democrat—the voice of the disciple, like that of the master, was the voice of America singing its song of Democracy. But the democracy of Traubel was of a different and higher type, as it was of a later age, than that of Whitman. For Walt's democracy was the democracy of nineteenth century liberalism. It had its roots in the soil of Transcendentalism, as witness Emerson's immediate recognition of the worth of "Leaves of Grass"; and, deeper still, in the subsoil of the "Enlightenment" in the France and Germany of the eighteenth century. His democracy, therefore, is predominantly individualistic in character. It is the single man in whom he is interested and of whom he thinks, and most of all that single man, himself. "I, Walt Whitman"—and you, this other man who is another and separate "I"—of these he sings.

Traubel, *per contra,* is not the individualistic but the "communal" democrat. He recognizes the single man—his worth, his dignity, his rights—just as Whitman does. There can be no democratic feeling without this recognition! But he goes beyond and above Whitman in recognizing the *social* character of democracy. It is not this man alone, but all men together, in whom he is interested. It is democracy as a problem not of personal vindications but of communal relationships, with which he is concerned. Traubel reflects, in other words—or shall we rather say, he prophecies—that awakening of the social spirit, that acceptance of the community life, that glorification of co-operation together in the common lot, which is the distinctive note of the democracy of the twentieth century as contrasted with that of the nineteenth. Democracy was bound to begin with an assertion—bold, defiant, selfish—of the rights and privileges of the individual man. It could never fulfill itself until it had merged this assertion of individuality in a great proclamation of brotherhood. Freedom was the first note—Fellowship the second; together, Freedom and Fellowship, we have "the grand Amen" of the song of Democracy. It is the glory of Traubel that, true to the marching spirit of his age, he heard and welcomed the first note, only to discover within his prophetic heart and raise upon his inspired lips, the second. In this is he more and greater than the successor of Whitman. In reality he is the comrade of Whitman. They stand together as the twin bards of that American democracy which is the hope, as it is the solace, of the times.

What Traubel was in his thought, that also was he in his life. He was the perfect democrat; in him was at once the simplicity and the glory of the common life. He counted himself the peer of all, the superior of none. In the presence of a king he would have felt neither constraint nor awe, but only amusement at the sham heroics of royalty. The truly great in art and letters he sought out with the guilelessness and easy grace of a child, and because he bowed to no one of them, was received by all as a comrade and a friend. With the poor, the lowly, the outcast, he was equally at his ease. His was the divine gift of understanding, and the magic sympathy of love. He was "one of the least of these," as among the great he was one of the greatest of these; and thus, *en repos* with all sorts and conditions of men, he found the secret of brotherhood. He was a hater of shams and cruelties. He saw straight to the heart of the social abominations of modern life, and chastised with merciless rigor the lust which fostered them and the hypocrisy which condoned them. He compromised no principle of justice for any end, however

fair, of good. He communed with the great spirits of all ages. He sought and knew the best of contemporary music, drama, literature. He thought on whatsoever things are true, honest, just, lovely and of good report, and found therein the secret of peace. The War rent his soul with agony, but touched not his courage, and shook not his faith in human brotherhood. To the bottom of his soul, he believed in men, in all men, in men together in the high pursuits and noble sacrifices of the common life. Therefore did he teach and live in the days of war with the same serenity as in the days of peace, and find within him and about him still that golden age of which the prophets dreamed.

And now he is dead. And we, not he, are the losers. When Socrates had been condemned and was thus forced to look upon death, he said that "that would be a glorious life for me there where I might meet Palamedes and Ajax, the son of Telamon, and others perhaps who long ago perished. . . . " In his poem "To Bayard Taylor," Sidney Lanier conceives of the dead poet as

> . . . prone with Plato, Shakespeare and a throng
> Of bards beneath some plane tree's cool eclipse
> To gaze on glowing meads where, lingering long,
> Psyche's large butterfly her honey sips;
> Or, mingling free in choirs of German song,
> To learn of Goethe's life from Goethe's lips.

In a recent tribute to the late Miss Jennie Ashley, Arturo Giovannitti says of her: "I cannot but think of her as sitting peacefully in the great shadows, holding hands with Rosa Luxemburg, and listening to her story, and telling her of America, and of the wonderful things that are to be." So with Horace—white-crowned, laughing, serene. I can see him in some quiet nook with Walt. And they are talking again, as in the old days upon the earth, and heaven is glad of them.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

NOCTURNE.

> When evening hangs her lamp above the hill
> And calls her children to her waiting hearth,
> Where pain is shed away and love and wrath,
> And every tired head lies white and still—
>
> Dear heart, will you not light a lamp for me,
> And gather up the meaning of the lands,
> Silent and luminous within your hands,
> Where peace abides and mirth and mystery?
>
> That I may sit with you beside the fire,
> And ponder on the thing no man can guess,
> Your soul's great majesty and gentleness,
> Until the last sad tongue of flame expire.

—Theodore Maynard.

CONTRIBUTED

National Authority: What Is It?

How has government come about? How does it acquire its authority? What right, for example, has it to compel obedience, even to the sacrifice of the lives of its people? What is the nature of its sovereignty? There is a deal of the haze of mystery when we press such questions. What sovereignty can bestow lands in perpetuity, or compel obedience to its enactments, or punish individuals or nations, or roll up debts to be paid by generations unborn? Righteous, useful action in accordance with a good will, and therefore persuasive upon the mind and conscience, is the only sanction of government. Find the ground for any other sanction, if you can. We do not yet realize how far the use of kindly persuasion and the power of public opinion already offer all the authority needful for the purposes of a government whose object is the public welfare. Trust our neighbors, make them sharers in our social plans, expect their best; and they tend to respond.

The family life affords a good illustration of the distinction between the rule of the autocrat and the democratic order. We regard the young child as a man in process of making. While protecting him in his infancy, and using a measure of force if necessary to restrain him from doing harm to himself or others, we do this with regard to securing as soon as possible self-determination and the development of his own sense of the rights of others. We who are parents must never seek to break his will. We must never lay hands upon him in punishment, except in such a new sense of the word as frees it from the purposes of anger and retaliation. We must reach after his imagination, his justice, his sympathy, his conscience.

In like manner no democracy has any business with subjects to command. No democracy can compel the will of its people. Its laws are simply agreements of co-operation in a common enterprise. The Society of Friends sets a good example of democracy, who always respect the rights and consciences of an earnest minority. How preposterous if men expect a genuine League of Peace to maintain a powerful army system, to require conscription, and to compel the wills of men by force! Does anyone expect to commit a union of Free Republics to enforce decrees after the fashion of the materialistic empires, now breaking down?

The democratic ideal of sovereignty, as limited by good will and good sense, can alone keep the sentiment of patriotism within bounds. We will stand by our family, our village, our city, our school cr college, our church, our state, and much more the union of millions of men in many states which serve us all. Shall I serve my family, however, if I help them to do wrong? Shall I serve my nation, if I help pass an injurious law or threaten neighboring nations with war? What is the highest of loyalties for? Evidently for the welfare of humanity, as above my own nation and all nations.

We have made a fetish of the nation, as if it had peculiar and supernatural authority. We have transferred to the flag the majesty that once invested the monarch. A national government is nothing but a league of towns and cities, or of smaller states. Its

pattern does not come down from heaven. It exists for mutual convenience.

The government of my nation has a more powerful authority than my city or my State; but I cannot see that it has any different kind of authority. I must make it my rule to regard or obey the conditions of any and every group to which I belong. As I must not hold property or life too dear to give for the welfare of my household, so I must not hold it too precious to give for the larger welfare of my city or the nation, but much more for what appears to be the welfare of man. There can be no sovereignty so high and no majority so imperative that I must not set aside its commands in view of the ideal or spiritual laws by which all mankind lives. I must never act at variance with the requirements of a good will. Good will is the will of the Universe Life—"the voice of God." The public welfare in its highest sense, including the nicest and most patient consideration for men as spiritual beings, is therefore the measure of all valid authority.

I am told that I must obey the laws, or, I must follow the will of the majority. To a degree this is true. If laws seem trivial, foolish, and wasteful, I owe such regard to my fellows and the general convenience, as to be good-natured towards them, to bear temporary inconvenience, and to use regular, and not wilful means, to alter ill-advised legislation. Authority does not reside in the laws or in the votes of a majority. On serious occasion I must evidently denounce and refuse unjust laws. The authority lies in the unwritten spiritual law, which bids us give our neighbors and their opinions all possible consideration, and yet for their sakes to refuse to do wrong at their bidding.

What is the fundamental reason for every kind of government, from the family unit outward, in ever enlarging circles of human interest and necessity? It is, first, order, security, peace. We need such stable peace as to be able to co-operate for the common pursuits of "life, liberty and happiness." We co-operate in maintaining life, in developing our freedom, in pursuing happiness, in short in attaining civilization. A common instinct of self-preservation works in us to satisfy this need.

Anarchists and socialists are probably much alike in their desire for secure conditions. The chief difference between them is that the anarchists have been so bitterly disappointed in the actual working of government, and so often affronted by the arrogance, cruelty, and oppression of governments, as to prefer such security as may be had under very free conditions to the false security of an exaggerated authority. If indignation against violence has often driven anarchists wild to throw off the yoke of their tyrants, this is no more strange than that "the most Christian Nations" have made their criminal jurisprudence a record of horror and shame. The one lesson of history is that man can never win security by the methods of violence.

Meanwhile we have a right to hope for security on better ground than ever before. Not till lately did we know geography enough to be sure that wild hordes might not rise out of unknown parts of the earth and sweep over the ramparts of civilization like a plague of locusts. Whom have we reason to fear today? Our apprehensions come altogether, strangely enough, from one another. Yes! from the very nations that have fought side by side in the great war. And yet they too all desire nothing so much as security. Or, so they all say! Does it not look as if all the governments built upon authority, and violence, and the system of war, had been wrong? How could their poor people have been worse off with no national government at all? Let alone Russia or Italy; let anyone tell us what value of security the costly elaborate governments of France and England have brought to their great working populations? The truth is, that the governmental people in the various countries have not really sought security for their own people, so much as they have sought for selfish and ambitious ends to get and hold control of markets and territorial openings in other people's countries. Even the United States, without an enemy in the world to invade our security, stands ready to make war for her dog-in-the-manger Monroe Doctrine—not for love or for men, but for pride of power and for things.

The truth is, it is not anarchy, that is, the absence of government, which is terrible, but armed anarchy. This is the war system which is still blessed by nearly every church in Christendom. It is what comes of setting up governments on a fictitious basis of authority. It is what comes of conscription and universal military training, of smothering all independent thought and suppressing minorities, of censoring the truth and publishing lies. No such authority is necessary, as soon as you put away fear and distrust, and begin to organize your government for the beneficent ends of the general convenience. You need no longer to use the methods and machinery of violence. It is the habit of violence and the sight of violence and the assumption of the right of a king, a President, or a majority to command violence, that makes prisons and forts and battleships seem a necessity of civilization!

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Restrictions Against Foreigners

What is to become of the millions of people in Europe who, as we are told by the authorities, will be unable to make a livelihood in their own land, is a question that is causing European statesmen to think furiously. We have been told that some place beyond the seas must be found for six millions of British people, and it has been rumored that the Argentine and other parts of South America may find room for them. The restrictions of government and short-sighted labor unions here make it well-nigh impossible for us to welcome many of them; comparatively few of these people will get any further into "the land of the brave and the free" than Ellis Island. It is extraordinary how bitter the feeling is against the people of another nation, whether they have been allies in this war or not. England, the country that was a refuge of the outcast and the oppressed, is unfortunately in danger of cultivating an attitude toward foreigners which this country has, it is sad to say, maintained for so many years. An editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* says:

> By a narrow majority a House of Commons Standing Committee ultimately thought better of its first impulse to make foreign nationality of any kind a sufficient reason for denying a man employment in this country, and the clause that would have deprived an employer of possibly irreplaceable workmen if their number exceeded 10 per cent of his total staff, was never embodied in the Aliens Restriction Bill.

But the frame of mind that prompted it lingers, and as long as the existing restrictions on travel are in force it is not an impossible matter to give expression to it without the help of anything so definite and cumbersome as the law of the land. A fortnight ago a business firm in South Wales was on the point of engaging a typist to conduct their correspondence with customers in France. Indiscreetly enough, they selected a French typist, and, moreover, one who was then resident in that country. Whereupon the Board of Trade—if we remember rightly the details as they were given in some of the English papers—stepped in and denied facilities for a Channel crossing. Naturally the incident has not gone unnoted in France. And people who think that the best way to heal the wounds of an exhausted Europe is by spreading jealousies and suspicons all round, will possibly be relieved to hear that *L'Homme Libre,* M. Clemenceau's old journal, makes it a text for a considerable sermon on British selfishness. The French paper asserts that Englishmen receive encouragement to work in France, but we may add with some certainty that if there is more fuel found for this kind of dispute they will not enjoy such encouragement for very much longer. The supporters of the Parliamentary action that we have mentioned may well ponder this prompt reaction to the application of their frame of mind in one individual case. From some points of view it would, no doubt, be very nice to have no foreigners in a job in this country as long as there were Englishmen out of one. But as the only result of aiming at such a state of affairs would be to put far more Englishmen abroad out of employment, short-sighted sentimentalists would do well to cultivate a more helpful as well as a more enlightened doctrine on our relations with foreign countries.

It would be well for us in America to consider this seriously. H. S. N.

Peace Day

[We commend the following interesting and important suggestion to our readers. Why not a Peace Day as a climax of the many War Days which have been observed this past year?—EDITORS.]

May I suggest that the observance of November 11, as Peace Day, should be instituted this year, and should be made *nation-wide?*

We have been in the habit of celebrating in our schools May 18, Hague Day, under the name of Peace Day, but should we not have a day of universal rejoicing on the anniversary which marks the end of the War, and should we not use that anniversary to impress upon each and every citizen throughout the land the meaning of the Great Day of Peace?

Not merely by special exercises in the schools, as heretofore on May 18, but in colleges, churches, women's clubs, theaters, and other community centers we should unite in a celebration which would bring home to every one, old and young, the necessity of co-operation among nations and the blessings of permanent peace.

The material already available for such a celebration is ample and varied. Readings, music, addresses, plays, moving pictures, pageants, etc., can all be made vehicles to carry forward the ideals which we wish to uphold.

Especially should we see to it that our young people are equipped with information that will enable them to do adequately the work that as the years go on will certainly fall to them in the maintenance of justice between nations and of a continued stand against militarism, that precursor of war.

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

Brookline, Mass.

SELECTED

Horace Traubel*

For twenty-nine years Horace Traubel has been publishing, in the spirit of Whitman, a monthly, *The Conservator,* the small circulation of which was once the object of ridicule by an "academic professor of literature and would-be Whitman scholar," who also claimed thorough knowledge of Whitman. I have, of course, never seen *The Conservator* in a book store or on a news stand alongside of Leslie's, Collier's or Harper's. Besides, *The Conservator* would look queer in such brilliant and arrogant company. It offers neither pretty pictures nor thrilling romances. In a very modest dress and of attenuated proportions, it comes to the homes of its few friends, to carry to them the message, over and over again, of Love and Justice.

This is the sum of the wisdom, the precious inheritance, which Traubel has taken over from his master and would share with his fellow men. Love and Justice, in the life of peoples and individuals—this old, eternally new, message, this unsolved problem, that is the purpose of and characterizes the contents of *The Conservator.* Assisted by wife and daughter, almost without means, Traubel writes, prints and publishes this strange paper. No outside difficulty, no failure, no enmity, has been able to discourage or intimidate him. It is the fashion now to talk of humanity and democracy. The catchwords of the day are expected to create a new world out of the one that has just been wrecked, while the causes of all the political and economic evils remain untouched. But Traubel does not say humanity when trade-profit, or democracy, when the exploitation of the people, is meant. When he demands Love and Justice he demands both in the fullest sense of the words, for all races, peoples and classes. No less passionately, no less hopefully, than young Schiller once did, Traubel cries into the world maelstrom his "You millions, be embraced." Of half Jewish, half Christian origin, Traubel is already by nature destined to be the champion of tolerance, justice and love of humanity. . . .

Traubel has not followed Whitman in his speculations on the future life. His concern is this world of ours, and the task which he has set for himself is the achievement of tangible objects. Always and everywhere he asks for causes and endeavors to get at the root of the evil. He, with an intellect far keener than that of Whitman, with an energy and endurance the very opposite of the poet's dreamy idealism, does not know compromise. After realizing that all the misery of mankind originates in the selfish greed of the individual and the insane, unfeeling competition between all men, he devoted all his vital power to the destruction of this tigerish robber system: not by brutal force, not by driving the Devil out with Beelzebub, but by reminding men of the need of Love and Justice.

From the articles in *The Worker,* Traubel, in 1904, compiled a book, *Chants Communal,* which, in 1907, appeared in a German translation under the title of *Weckrufe* (calls to awake). Articles from a periodical and yet songs?

*From *Die Neue Zeit,* Chicago, April 19. Translation done for *The Conservator* by David Cummings.

Forever first of all is justice. Is love. Not the food you eat. Not the clothes you wear. Not the luxuries you enjoy. But justice.

So it begins. Is that prose or poetry? Our academic critics take a brief, severely "scientific" look at some place in the book and indignantly close it again with a snap. "The man doesn't know English!" They are done with Horace Traubel. His name goes to dust in the esthetic drawer, where the things are stored that do not fit in with the rules. Certainly it is not easy to get accustomed to Horace Traubel's style. One must take it as it is, as an unique expression of an unique personality. One must not hurriedly read a paragraph, but read and be influenced by the whole without prejudice. The condensed, and taken singly, often harsh-sounding groups of words require to be read in their close relation to the rest, and, if possible, aloud. Then they sound like the single measures of a musical composition. The apparent incongruity of parts becomes a living whole of mighty force. Whether poetry or prose is therefore an unprofitable question, which we leave to the dried-up hairsplitters of modern scholasticism. What Traubel writes, or in writing speaks, is the powerful rhythm and the full resonance of his soul. As a prominent musician has assured me, Traubel's nature is musical through and through. He therefore well knows what he is doing when he, contrary to school rules, leaves out commas and puts periods where it suits him. It must be admitted that language, symbols of sound and letters exist for the poet, and not the reverse.

The above paragraph continues:

Everything must stand aside for justice. You have Trade, and you think your trade comes before justice. Yes, before love. You practise a profession. Your profession comes before justice. Fatal policy. Justice stands first. Justice precedes all the witnesses of life. Justice is the only final witness to life. You may satisfy every other claim. But nothing is done for life until justice is satisfied.

Having read thus far, who is capable of breaking off with a good conscience? Who is not seized by the wave of this vital, throbbing life? Whose heart does not beat when such a voice warns?

These "songs" are the thought-poetry of a socially thinking man, who translates his ideas into acts. Many sound like the penitential homilies of a modern Savonarola; others like trumpet blasts announcing a new day of human happiness. Alongside of abstract analysis and razor-sharp dialectics, where the penetrating intellect of his Jewish inheritance appears in the foreground, stands the concrete picture where the artistically formed fact alone stands. The workman who is killed in the course of tunnel construction becomes the symbol of the great mass of the weary and downtrodden, whose silent sacrifice pleases God more than the louldy-praised acts of heroism performed by soldiers. In contrast thereto, the "Master of Humanity" delivers his harsh judgment on the privileges and the ownerships of the world. It is the unapproachable octopus, which stretches out its soft-tough arms to strangle love and justice, liberty, and life itself. Our civilization is sick, rotten to the core. The air is close and stifling, and only a mighty storm can clean it of the poison that infects it. "The worst comes before the best comes. This is the darkest shadow meeting the brightest light." The world can breathe again. Justice and love will be victorious and carry worried humanity to the luminous heights of its dreams. Who can doubt that Horace Traubel today, when a more terrible thunderstorm than he had ever anticipated has been sweeping over the world, still looks into the future with the same confidence? That he still believes that his ideal will be realized; that the blood sacrifices of the peoples have freed the people themselves—the enslaved masses, the common man, the woman wage earner, the hungry children of the poor? Or will we have again to give the floor to the "Master of Humanity"?

Said the Master of Men . . . thousands of people will die in order that I may live. The clay of this world may redden with carnage. But none of my blood is drawn. When the battle is over I reappear and receive the homage that attaches to my sacred prerogative. . . . I, who am interest. I, who am rent. I, who am profit.

Perhaps the poet is still sufficiently optimistic to continue to hope and to connect the darksome song of the misery of the present with the song of future happiness:

This is the moment of the lapse of eras of force in eras of love. This is the bridgeroad. This is the mysterious archway of the rainbow. This is the darkest shadow meeting the brightest light: The worst comes before the best comes.

Such is the finale of the *Chants Communal.* The rhapsodist of social unrest and longing, the warning prophet of justice, becomes the poet of the new order in the world of light and love. The "rhythmic prose" resolves itself into the "free verse," as Whitman has similarly used it in *Leaves of Grass.*

Optimos, the book wholly compiled from *The Conservator,* is exclusively the work of the poet. It appeared in 1910. The title wounds the classic language sense as was done, for instance, by Longfellow's *Excelsior* and Whitman's still more objectionable *Me Imperturbe.* But in view of the attractiveness of the contents, do not let us find too much fault with the title. Of course, the form of the contents itself can hardly please our critical shoemakers who would like to fit the poetry of the twentieth century on the worn-out last of "regulation" feet, strophes and rhymes. To this day they have not forgiven Whitman his "formlessness." . . . . And Traubel willingly sacrifices technical excellence of form if only he can say what moves him so deeply. Nothing is too much trouble for him that can quicken the flight of the light.

Go towards the light.
Ask no questions—Go towards the light.
The course is unknown by roads uncut and seas unsailed.
Enemies lurk in every shadow (and God).
There is the great cause: Go towards the light.

In any event the whole is a masterpiece from the point of view of both the intrinsic value of its contents and of the arrangement of its several parts. In her fine and courageous study of Traubel, Mildred Bain describes the general impression of the structure as follows:

Each of the nine clusters of songs expands and reveals the central theme of love and faith. Out of the wonderful mystic poems, in which the spiritual preparations are intimated, they broaden into a general idea. Songs of joy, liberty, love, comradeship, follow each other in their natural development. Towards the end, the loving, trusting soul bursts into tremendous paeans to labor, chanting the social struggle, claiming all things for the people.

Optimos has the advantage of *Leaves of Grass* in its unified, experienced, well thought out world view. So far as mysticism is concerned, it appears only in the general meaning of an infinite, all-comprehending and all-containing sense of life. It is the pure monism of Spinoza, who, convinced of the absolute unity of God

and nature, is totally free of transcendental idealism. It is Spinoza applied to modern conditions of life, and applied too, with the extremest logic and boundless courage. Spinoza himself, in his Ethic, has taken the step in retracing the good and the bad to social and unsocial acts, and in demanding that the individual through his sense of responsibility let himself be absolved by the whole. Traubel, perhaps, without knowing it, is a consistent Spinozist, and through Goethe and Lessing holds out his hand to his great compatriot. The naive perception of immortality, confounded by Whitman with polytheism, was overcome by Traubel early, if he ever shared it. . . .

Goethe has been compared to a wide-spreading oak tree and Schiller to a tall fir. Each tree is beautiful in its own way, and one cannot expect the fir to bear the same fruit as the oak. Traubel's like Schiller's poetry of thought is passionately felt and is the expression of his soul life. Since Whitman, I cannot name an American poet who equals Traubel in the fullness of ideas, sensitiveness and power of expression. Everything else seems petty, light, almost dallying, beside this irresistible force, this elemental sternness; all else seems timid, weak, gray and dull beside this indefeasible, victorious courage, beside this radiant harmony of Belief, Love and Hope.

The world war was a trial of strength for Traubel, too. Unlike many another, he has passed through it successfully. He has been weighed and found not wanting. Only now does Traubel stand before us in the full purity and greatness of his character. That the old champion of democracy entered the lists for true democracy is a matter of course. No lie could blind him; no hypocrisy could fool him; no prejudice could induce him to abjure his own conviction. In every instance he remained the incorruptible advocate of love and justice that he always was. No song of hate has soiled the pages of *The Conservator*. His heart is still full of love for all mankind, and he suffers with the unfortunate. He, son of a Jew, a true Nathan the Wise, is more Christian than the Christians.

A delegation of negro citizens visited the White House on August 1 and presented a petition to the President and Congress, in which they said:

"In the last thirty-one years 2,867 colored men and women have been lynched by mobs without trial. Less than half a dozen persons out of the tens of thousands involved have received any punishment whatsoever for these crimes, and not one has been punished for murder. In addition to this, mobs have harried and murdered colored citizens time and time again with impunity, culminating in the latest atrocity at East St. Louis, where nearly a hundred innocent, hard-working citizens were done to death in broad daylight for seeking to earn an honest living.

"We believe that this spirit of lawlessness is doing untold injury to our country, and we submit that the record proves that the states are either unwilling or unable to put down lynching and mob violence.

"We ask, therefore, that lynching and mob violence be made a national crime punishable by the laws of the United States, and that this be done by federal enactment, or, if necessary, by constitutional amendment.

"No nation that seeks to fight the battles of civilization can afford to march in blood-smeared garments."

News from Europe

Franco-German Comrades of the Great War.

Le Populaire (Paris) contains the program of a Franco-German and International Association of Combatants of the Great War, which is inspired by the work achieved in France and Germany by writers like Romain Rolland and Dr. Georg Fr. Nicolai, two great citizens of Europe and of the world," who have been asked to become the presidents. At the end of the year the association will organize in Switzerland a congress of old French and German combatants, at which the adversaries of yesterday on the field of battle will affirm before the world their ardent desire for international peace by means of Franco-German reconciliation.

It is explained that the new organization has taken the name of "Franco-German and International" because the question of Franco-German relations dominates all the problems of international pacification and reconciliation, and because all old combatants of the Great War will be welcomed who desire to rally to the cry of "War against hate! War against war! Live peace and brotherhood among the peoples!"

Is it not time that we looked sanely at this matter? Anatole France voiced the same thought when he addressed the school teachers of France. Why should not an American branch of this Association be formed? Could anything be devised that would do more toward healing the wounds and effacing the scars of the great conflict than this?

Opening of German Ports.

It is interesting to note that England, at least, is awake to her commercial opportunities, and takes advantage of them. A recent newspaper reports that she has imported a large amount of potassium from Germany. We may wake some day to find that our trade has been taken by other countries.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the British India Steam Navigation Company, and the Well Line will this month and onwards have steamers loading in Hamburg, Bremen (if sufficient offers) and Rotterdam in connection with their services to India.

The New Jerusalem.

The International Zionist Commission have engaged Professor Patrick Geddes, professor of botany at St. Andrews University, and a great authority in civics and social survey, for the planning of the new Jerusalem and its proposed university. Along with Dr. Weizmann, head of the British Zionist Commission, he is to leave immediately for Palestine and prepare a report for the Zionist colonies in Palestine and the towns of Haifa, Jaffa, etc.

Professor Geddes will at the same time organize a department of Sociology and Civics for Bombay University, and during the cold season will carry on the Indian town-planning work in which he was previously employed.

Roumania and Jewish Reform.

The following article from the *Manchester Guardian* brings the future of the Jews afresh to our minds. Too long have they been left to the caprice of governments. Let any Peace Covenant which America ratifies insure their complete emancipation.

The position in Hungary is not the only matter that is accountable for a serious difference of opinion between Roumania and the Peace Conference. The Jewish question in Roumania has also given rise to tension. The Allies propose presenting to the Roumanian Government a treaty similar to that signed by Poland, whose object will be to ensure the complete civil emancipation of the Jews in Roumania and to safeguard their rights as a national minority. The Roumanian delegate, M. Bratiano, has persistently declared his objection to signing such a treaty, on the ground that it would involve an infringement of the sovereign rights of the Roumanian State, and he says that the emancipation of the Jews

in his country will be carried out independently by his government.

When Roumania was given her independence in 1878 by the Berlin Congress one condition was that she emancipated her Jewish subjects, but this she has not yet carried out, so the decision of the Peace Conference that Roumania shall now be bound by a special treaty can easily be understood. The compromise suggested by Roumania is that the whole question of the protection of national minorities should be referred to the League of Nations.

The obduracy of Roumania is likely to have a contagious effect upon Czecho-Slovakia, where the Jewish position is also disquieting.

Bolshevik Russia.

Mr. E. St. John Catchpool, who has been doing relief work in various parts of Russia since 1916 and has now returned to England, gave a representative of the *Manchester Guardian* a summary of his impressions. Mr. Catchpool was a representative of the Friends' War Victims Relief Committee and also a delegate of the Lord Mayor of London's Committee for the Relief of Armenian Refugees. He was in Soviet Russia during the summer of 1918, and then became convinced that while from a democratic point of view the Bolshevik Government might well be considered bad, mainly on account of its tendencies to throw government into the hands of a proletariat dictator, yet when one considered Russian government as it had been carried on during the last few centuries, with its tyrannies over the peasant classes, one could not help feeling that it was the best government that Russia had ever enjoyed. It was, indeed, extraordinary that the Bolshevik leaders had been able, with thir country ringed by foreign armies, to restrain their followers from repeating the worst horrors of the French Revolution. More striking than anything else in the Bolshevik administration was the manifest desire to help forward all educational institutions. In some of the towns which Mr. Catchpool visited the schools to which peasant children might go had been more than trebled. The Bolshevik administrators had also made it easier for elementary school children to proceed to the universities. Undoubtedly members of the aristocracy had suffered under the Bolshevik regime, especially those who were not doing useful work, but quite a number of aristocrats, joining the Bolsheviks in some capacity or other, had been exempt from harm. Generally speaking, it might be said that an aristocrat was left practically unmolested unless discovered to have been deliberately plotting against the new powers. Probably Lenin would be the first to admit that his policy of suppression was most undesirable, but he would add that surrounded by foes who were seeking to strangle the life out of Soviet Russia it was inevitable. There had been a great deal of bloodshed under the Bolshevik regime, but much less, Mr. Catchpool thought, than under the old government of the Czar.

The Fighting in Russia.

The fighting now proceeding in Russia is of great importance. The Reds have taken an offensive on two fronts. In the north they have attacked the White Russian army which was directed against Petrograd from the southwest; in the south they have fallen on the center and right wing of Denikin. From their ability to do so we may judge how much truth there is in the constantly reiterated tale that they are crumbling into dissolution. Their victory over Koltchak some months ago was in fact so decisive that they have been able, despite all difficulties of transport, to remove troops from the eastern to the other fronts. Both attacks have come at a critical moment. In the Petrograd region the White troops are not, by the confession of their commanders, in good case, and the attempt to secure the assistance of the Esthonians has apparently come to nothing.

American Loan to Esthonia.

The Esthonian Press Bureau states that the United States is granting Esthonia a fifty million dollar loan, which is to be used chiefly for payment for American goods sent to Esthonia.

Is it not rather humiliating that we must get much of our vital news through foreign channels? In no American paper have I seen mention of the loan to Esthonia. As it affects the taxpayer so vitally, he should be informed. It is time we asked ourselves seriously how long we are to go on supplying men and money for a war in which we have no sympathy.

Mr. Bullitt, Russia and the Allies.

To the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian.*

Sir: In your issue of the 23rd there appears a *Times* telegram, per Press Association, stating that Mr. William O. Bullitt resigned from the American Peace Delegation "because not enough notice was taken of his views upon Russia, obtained while he was there on a mission last winter." This way of stating Mr. Bullitt's case is likely to prejudice a right understanding of him. He was sent with Mr. Steffens on a mission from President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George to the Bolshevik Government. Certain terms were given him in writing, and these terms were acceded to by the Bolshevik Government. When Mr. Bullitt returned he was repudiated by those who sent him, who had meanwhile changed their minds. Among the terms proposed and *accepted* by the Bolsheviki was that there should be "full and complete amnesty to political opponents, soldiers included." This makes nonsense of the pretended fear that if the Allies evacuated Russia those whom they have been supporting would be massacred. If our Government make terms with the Bolsheviki this need not happen. If they do not, clearly it may. Of the Bolsheviki it may be said:

"Cet animal est fort méchant
Quand on l'attaque il se défend."

H. M. Swanwick.

This letter from Mrs. Swanwick is exceedingly interesting. It was written weeks before we were permitted to learn the details of the Bullitt case as it was presented to Congress.

A London Home for French Students.

The French papers throw further light on the offer of Baron Edmond de Rothschild to the French Academy of Fine Arts of which he is an "unattached" member. The house in London which M. de Rothschild has offered to the Academy is apparently to be a hostel for young French students of art, letters and science, in order that they may study for a certain time in England and learn to know the country. It would appear that M. de Rothschild proposes to endow it; in fact, it will be somewhat on the lines of the Foundation Thiers in Paris, except that the latter is restricted to *agrégés* of the University and its aim is to facilitate post-graduate studies. According to the *Temps* the house offered by M. de Rothschild is in the neighborhood of Hyde Park.

There could be no more practical method than this of strengthening the ties between France and England. It now remains for a wealthy Englishman to return the compliment and found a hostel for English students in Paris. Baron Edmond de Rothschild is now the only surviving member of his own generation in the great Parisian banking house of which his nephew Baron Edouard is the head. He has a beautiful *hôtel entre cour et jardin* in the Faubourg St. Honoré, close to the British embassy, and his collection of pictures and other works of art is one of the finest in Paris. It includes Gainsborough's "Pink Boy" and a famous Rubens which was formerly in the Duke of Marlborough's collection at Blenheim.

It is encouraging to note that some time can be spared from wars and recriminations for the finer and better things of life.

The Francia "Madonna and Child."

From Bologna comes the report of the theft of the Francia masterpiece known as the "Madonna and Child." A colored photograph of the painting was found by an employe of the Art Gallery pasted in the frame in an attempt to conceal the theft.

The "Madonna and Child" is the earliest dated work from the brush of the great Bolognese master Francesco Raibolini, commonly known as Francia, and was painted in 1494. It is so admirable in technique, color and composition that critics find it difficult to regard it as his first or even as an early work.

A Loss to American Music Lovers.

Dr. Karl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who was interned in America as an enemy alien since April 5, 1918, is now en route for Copenhagen.

Bolsheviks and Peace.

Peace League or no Peace League, the Bolsheviks seem to be the only people who are really accomplishing much toward peace. We learn that a Bolshevik delegation has arrived at Kishineff on a peace mission from Lenin to Roumania. A long wireless message radiated from Moscow recently gives the full text of the manifesto which the Bolsheviks declare is being printed in the Chinese language for circulation over China and Central Asia. The Bolsheviks preface an offer to open up official relations with the Chinese people by renouncing their claims to the Russian portion of the Boxer indemnity, and all special privileges, and all "factories of Russian merchants in China." The manifesto concludes with the suggestion that the Bolsheviks with their red army are the sole allies of the Chinese, and with a proposal that the Chinese Government shall open immediately official relations with Soviet Russia and send their representatives to meet the advancing army of the Soviets. H. S. N.

PRECIOUSNESS.

In what does preciousness consist?
E'en God His secret has confest.
Turning from all delights sun-kissed
He seeks this treasure in His breast.

Who knows what preciousness doth mean?
E'en man is slow of heart to learn;—
How blinded to its inmost sheen!
How ready precious things to spurn!

How long does preciousness endure?
While sun, and moon, and stars do shine:
While hearts are true and love is sure,
My precious things continue mine.

How many precious things arise!
The sum of them is in a friend:
They fill us still with new surprise:
For precious things we ne'er expend.

It baffles us—these precious things.
We think in gold, frankincense, myrrh;—
We think of angels with their wings:—
Do these our deepest bosom stir?

There comes a second precious birth.
The soul re-born sees all things rare:
Heav'n shines on common things of earth:
They change to jewels passing fair.

Roscoe, Ill. QUINCY L. DOWD.

PEACE.

Night is down in the little town—
And the Firefly lanterns are hung—
The honey-bees are gone from the trees—
And the Matins all are sung—
The friendly stars are home from the wars
And Heart of My Heart is young.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

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XII.
Phoenicia

TEXT: *And so Tyre fell,—her riches could not save;*
The city of the proud is now a grave.
—Nicholas Michell.

Four great military nations have been brought to our notice. In Phœnicia, the last extinct civilization included in this course, we find a contrasting study of a "small nation," one whose history is the history of commercialism—the "great liberalizer," a nation aggressive in non-military ways, a nation willing to pay tribute rather than fight a losing battle, a nation whose commercial expansion far exceeded the military expansion of the "Powers" of that age.

We cannot know our Bible a little bit until we know something of, and have an appreciation for, the life that preceded by thousands of years, and was contemporary with the Bible-writing period, the life of a handful of people who lived on a little strip of land, perhaps as big as Cook County, over which Bible "powers" tramped, poets and prophets marched, and around which the civilizations of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria and the great Hittite nation rose and fell.

This small nation succeeded in establishing relations with all the great civilized nations of its time. The Egyptians, jealous of foreigners as they were, carried on an extensive trade with them, allowed them a settlement in their capital and a temple in which they could worship their own gods. Phœnician deities actually found their way into the Egyptian pantheon. With the Hebrews they were on friendly terms. The one strong personality we find in their history, the good King Hiram, who reigned thirty-four years in dignity and state, we remember as sending presents of cedar wood to King Solomon with offers of service in the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, which must be regarded as essentially a Phœnician building, illustrating their style of architecture. Other characters whose names carry quite another connotation are Jezebel and her daughter Athalia, whose wickedness Ezekiel declared was the chief cause of the captivity of his people and his country's downfall.

The word Phœnicia is said to mean "the region of palms," the name formerly applied to the upper part of the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. If insignificant in size, Phœnicia's soil, products, geographical and political relations were such as to bring it to the forefront of history at an early period. It was protected on the south and east by mountains and on the west by the peculiar conformation of its coast. Some writers are persuaded that both maritime districts and the terraces of Lebanon,—the home of

the Druses immortalized by Browning,—still present some of the richest and most beautiful landscapes in the world, far exceeding the Italian Riviera. Date palms flourished in the sand belt along the shore, beyond stretched a fertile plain, a region of orchard gardens and corn fields, and the hills skirting the plain were clothed with forest trees, oaks, chestnuts, sycamores and cedars. The irregular coast furnished harbors and it was easy to construct ports. The blue Mediterranean incited to navigation, which word is recognized as the keynote to Phœnician greatness.

A painted relief by an Egyptian artist contains the oldest known representation of a sea-going ship, in which are Phœnician prisoners bowing to their conqueror on the shore. These people were the great traders of antiquity. From a date which cannot be placed later than the twelfth century B. C., after the fall of the Egyptian and Ægean empires, the carrying trade of the world belonged to this small country which communicated by land with the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates, Armenia, Cappadocia and Anatolia, by sea with Egypt, Greece, Italy, North Africa, Gaul and Spain. Long before the days of Jesus Phœnician galleys are said to have passed the Straits of Gibraltar and touched at the British Isles for the sake of the tin found in Cornwall. These hardy pioneers planted settlements along the Mediterranean shores and their colony of Carthage became so important a commercial state as to be a dangerous rival of Rome.

They are said to have kept their geographical knowledge to themselves as a trade secret, but a recent writer gives a vivid description of Grecian townspeople gathered about strange vessels from which black bearded traders are bartering glass or alabastar perfume bottles from Egypt, also rich porcelain blue dishes, skilfully engraved platters of bronze and silver, purple robes, jewels and furniture inlaid with ivory carvings.

Through all antiquity Phœnicia maintained a preeminence in color producing, her superiority resting primarily on her inexhaustible supply of fish furnishing the dye. Her art was a kind of oriental composite; its designs were international. Assyrian and Hebrew kings employed Phœnician workmen to make furniture and metal work for the royal palaces. Greek craftsmen learned of them and copied their decorations of palm trees, lotus flowers, hunting scenes along the Nile, the Assyrian Tree of Life, the sphinx, the gryphon and the winged horse.

But decorative dress, arts and workmanship were as nothing compared to the priceless gift of the alphabet.

Breasted tells us that:

By 1000 B. C. the Phœnicians had long since given up the inconvenient clay tablet of Babylonia. Indeed a century before this date they were already importing great quantities of papyrus paper from Egypt. Then they devised their own system of twenty-two signs for writing their own language. It contained no signs for syllables, but each sign represented a single consonant. There were no signs for the vowels, which therefore remained unwritten. The Phœnicians were thus the first people to devise a system of writing containing nothing but alphabetic signs; that is, true letters. This great achievement of the Phœnicians was largely due to Egyptian influences.

The Phœnicians arranged their new letters in a convenient order, so that the whole twenty-two might form a fixed list, easily learned. Such a list could not be learned without giving to each letter a name. They called the first letter of the alphabet *ox*, because the Phœnician word for ox, that is, *aleph*, began with the first letter. The second letter of the alphabet they called *house*, because *beth*, the Phœnician word for house, began with the second letter, and so on. This was not unlike our old primers, where our parents learned to say: "*A* is for 'Axe'; *B* is for 'Bed,'" etc. When the children of the Phœnician merchants learned their letters, and were called upon to repeat the alphabet, they therefore began: "*Aleph, beth,*" etc., as if our children were to say: "Axe, Bed," etc., instead of "A, B," etc.

This new and convenient style of writing was used mainly for business purposes. The Phœnicians carried it through the Mediterranean westward to Europe. The Greek merchants handling the Phœnician bills made out on Egyptian papyrus, began to note down Greek words spelled with Phœnician letters, adapting this alphabet to the Greek language. In rearranging it in order to supply vowels they took the final step in devising a complete system of alphabetic writing. We are told that every alphabet of the civilized world has descended from the Phœnician. Along with it we have our word *paper* from the Egyptian papyrus, often called by the Greek "byblos" after the Phœnician city from which it came, rolls of such paper becoming *biblia*.

The earliest inhabitants of Phœnicia were probably Canaanites, of the Hamatic race, but from about 2000 B. C. Semitic migration from the southern grasslands of Arabia transferred the rule and government of almost the entire country to the Hebrews, Phœnicians and Syrians.

Tyre in a qualified sense might be considered its capital and was to Phœnicia almost what Rome was to Italy,—the national impersonation. It is well described in the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-ninth chapters of Ezekiel, and its present condition is just about as predicted by that writer. Ruined in the Assyrian and Babylonian wars, there was nothing left but a few broken arches. Other familiar cities are Sidon, noted for the manufacture of glass, of which there is nothing left but a portion of its walls, Beyrout (Beirut), still a flourishing city, Byblos, Aradus and Akko, which as "Acre" has been famous in history from the time of the Crusades to the present.

Although never a confederacy these cities lived on pleasant terms with one another and sometimes formed alliances. But the great armies of the leading Asiatic powers could not be resisted. Phœnicia was forced to submit successively to Assyria, Babylonia, Persia and Macedonia. George Adam Smith in a pamphlet written during the war, says:

The military history of Syria may be pictured as the procession of nearly all the world's conquerors. . . . And now again she is one of the fronts on which two ideals of civilization and empire oppose their arms, but with issues more momentous for humanity than were ever fought out on these same fields between Semite and Greek, Rome and the East, or Frank and Saracen.

The Phœnicians clearly possessed the Semitic quality of religiousness. Their kings were zealous in maintaining the honor of the gods, wherever they went they carried with them their religion and worship and adorned their temples with abundant and costly offerings, and were not infrequently high priests. Professor Hopkins of Yale, in his "History of Religions," tells us:

The chief divinity was Astarte, as mother of life; scarcely less popular were Bel and Hadad; Egyptian and Babylonian gods were worshipped. The Mother of Life as giver of produce was most honored. Chief of victims were the first-born, and these included children, whose bones have been found at many shrines and foundations. Groves and hills were favorite holy places. Asheras, tree-stumps, and Massebas, stone pillars, anointed with oil, typified female and male divinity; originally they were themselves divinities, but later they were placed about the shrine of local gods. The land passed from polyde-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE NEW LIBERAL LEADER IN CANADA.

The Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, the recently-elected leader of the Canadian Liberal party, had some tactical advantages which were also handicaps, and some ostensible handicaps, for example his youth, which turned out to be advantages. He had the support of a large section of the French Canadian delegates, a handicap in other provinces, which in the end stood him in good stead. King had this French support, not because he has been openly pro-French, but because he was beloved by Laurier. It will probably be found that Laurier left in documentary form for the perusal of his friends a political will bequeathing the leadership to his godson, Mackenzie King, and that French Canadian delegates were loyal to their dead chieftain's wishes. Laurier discovered King when he was still merely a student of economics. He never concealed his admiration for him, and eventually took him out of the Civil Service directly into his Cabinet, an incident unprecedented in Canadian public life.

But the French Canadians and Laurier's spirit would unaided never have elected King. He developed among delegates from all the provinces a strength of his own. They began to talk among themselves of his scholarly attainments, of his books, his contributions to the literature of economics. Few had read them and many did not understand all they contained, but they knew the author was a "brainy fellow." They began to like the idea of having him as leader. Then they talked of his youth, first in apology, then more doubtfully. Would youth be such a bad thing after all? Wasn't the trouble with the party really stagnation and creeping senility? Why, Laurier himself was the same age as King when he was selected as leader! Then King's youth was proclaimed no longer with apology but with enthusiasm, and all the time a solid block of French Canadians were thinking not of King's youth or his scholarship, or his Radicalism, but simply of his friendship for "the old man" and of the old man's friendship for him—and voting accordingly. And so came victory.

The new leader is undoubtedly the best-informed man in Canada on industrial relations; perhaps the best-informed man in America. His interest in the problems of the wage-earners was first aroused when as a youth in Toronto he happened to discover the sweating conditions under which Government contracts were being carried out. Later, in Chicago, he came within the sphere of influence of Jane Addams's work. When he returned to Canada he became Canada's first Deputy Minister of Labour. Then from 1908 to 1911 he was Minister of Labour. In these capacities he settled or prevented scores upon scores of strikes and lockouts. On the defeat of himself and his party in 1911 he was without an immediate means of livelihood, and eventually was obliged to go to the United States, where the Canadian ex-Minister joined the staff of the Rockefeller Foundation as chief of an industrial section. He was an author, perhaps "the" author, of the "Colorado scheme," and his loyalty to his employer caused him to fall foul of the Walsh Commission on Industrial Relations. Two years ago he resigned from the Foundation. Since then he has written his masterpiece, the book on "Industry and Humanity," and has been employed by a large number of important corporations, chiefly in the United States, to set up in their establishments machinery for the maintenance of better relations between employes and employers. This latter work has not been much discussed in public, but it has been of great importance, and is quite unique.

That a man with such a training should be placed at the head of one of the great parties at this present moment is an event of the utmost significance. King, the labour expert, winning out in the last ballot over Fielding, the tariff expert, may well indicate the changing relative importance of political issues. Tariffs are still mighty instruments, but where today you find one man in Canada worrying about tariff policy you find ten worrying about the increasingly hopeless chaos of industrial relations. It is fitting that this condition should have been so quickly and graphically reflected in a national party convention.

What is King's industrial policy? Briefly, as expounded in his book, it is that industry must alter its system of autocracy, as despotic as that of the late Tsar or Kaiser, and must develop in its stead a system of control under which representative institutions will prevail as thoroughly as they do in the political democracies of the United States and the British Empire. This is his theory which he puts into language as unprovocative as the language of Rousseau, the inspirer of revolutions. King, now, as the leader of a party, has an opportunity which was never Rousseau's, not merely to provide the philosophic basis for a revolution but to show how he will put his theories into practice. If he can do so without producing a convulsion he may well take rank with the great names of history. The task is certainly urgent. It is not Canada's alone, but the world's. King has undisputed mental power, capacity for great effort, unique training and equipment, and now a post of authority. Opportunity never beckoned a young man of 45 more enticingly.

The choice of an industrial expert as party leader is not the only element in King's elevation which has unusual significance. Another feature is the circumstance that he is his grandfather's grandson. William Lyon Mackenzie, after whom he is named, his mother's father, was the Canadian "rebel" of 1837 who, in association with Papineau, the Quebec leader, the grandfather of Bourassa, organized armed resistance to the King's forces. The rebellion was short-lived, but '37 is a red-letter date in Canadian history, and for that matter in the history of the British Empire.

Mr. King has yet to show his capacity for party leadership. It is a complicated and gigantic task requiring qualities which King may not possess and may be unable to develop. There are many doubters and skeptics on this point. If he fails in this essential, all his talents and equipment will count for naught.—*The Toronto Correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian."*

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monism and worship of stocks and stones to polytheism, but retained the old, more or less understood, with the new. Blood sacrifice was here an offering not a communion service. Earth and hewn rock altars were raised to many gods, but chiefly to the mother goddess of fertility. The open rites in her honor were naturally based on her functions, so that here, as elsewhere, the more developed moral sense of man was higher than the religious practice. Conscious excess, not naive nature-worship, marked the practice of the cult.

We find their worship to have been a manifestation of that all pervading Sun and Moon worship, a worship which spread over the face of the earth and found devotees from Budh Gaya to Mexico, remaining forever the same though the deities changed their names as they changed their climes. No wonder the Hebrew prophets denounced Jerusalem when she took that great step downward from the symbolic worship of the one true God to the cruel and licentious worship of the Phœnician divinities.

How can we account for the utter obliteration of this nation that developed such a wonderful degree of efficiency in the practical arts and sciences, in trading, mining and inventing, which "while despotism overshadowed the whole eastern world, boasted of a form of government approaching the constitutional"? One reason is clearly shown,—the blighting power of selfish commercialism. Elaboration and wealth mark the doom of any nation which fails to take stock of spiritual verities for religion ceases to be religion when it loses its upward urge and ignores the moral law.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Name five noteworthy achievements of the Phœnicians.

(2) Mention three discoveries made by them.

(3) In what way was their geographical position a factor in their development?

(4) What would you consider their greatest gift to the world?

(5) What would you consider the reason for the extinction of Phœnicia while its neighbors, the Hebrews, continue as a factor for good to the present?

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